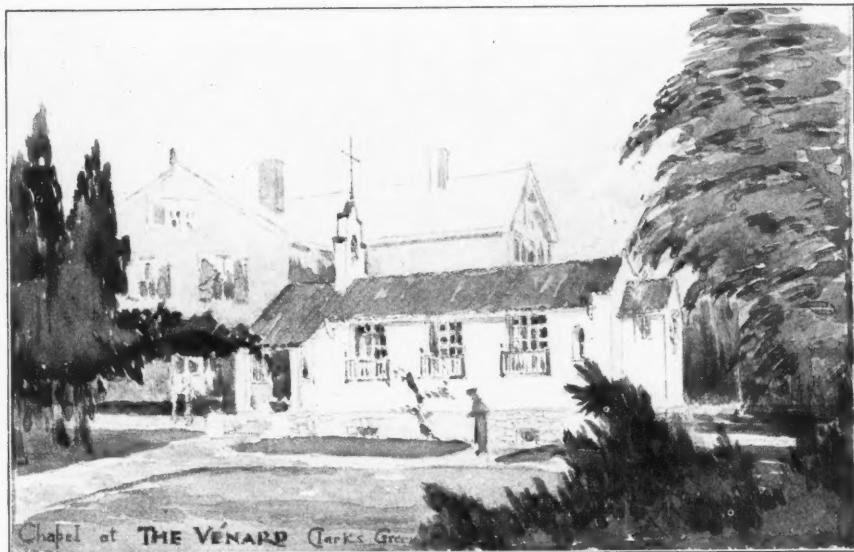
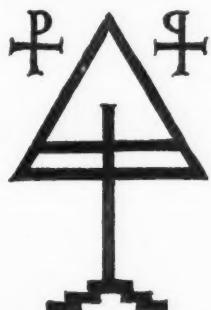


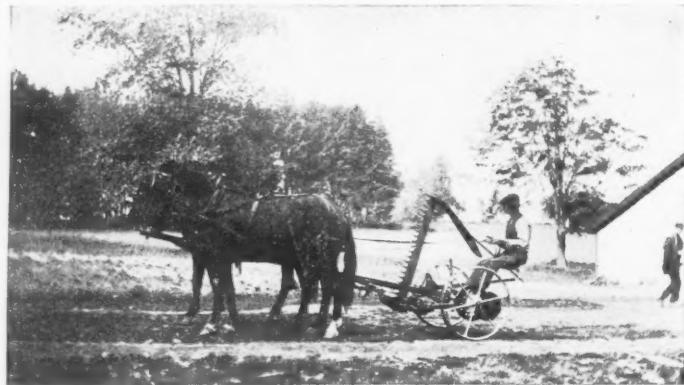
# THE FIELD AFAR



Chapel at THE VENARD Clark's Grove

THE VENARD APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.  
*(The chapel, not yet built, awaits a donor.)*

VOL. XI. No. 5    +    MAY, 1917    +    PRICE 10 CENTS



MEETING THE WAR-NEED AT MARYKNOLL.

**T**HE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*.

The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of eight priests, twenty students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is—Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of four professors, three of whom are priests.

**From the Archbishops of the United States, Assembled in Council, April, 1912.**

The time is undoubtedly ripe for the movement and the opportunity should be seized without delay. Political changes in heathen countries, especially in the Far East, interference with the sources of supply in France, the emergence of our own country from a missionary status, and the admitted prosperity of the American Church as a whole,—these are all strong reasons, compelling not only our attention but our practical interest.

Nor will the Church at home suffer in consequence of this movement. We need more priests here, but 'the arm of God is not shortened' and we are confident that the sacrifice of self-exiled American youth will arouse extra vocations for our own country.....

We urge, then, and with insistence, that a generous co-operation be given to the priests who are zealously striving to set on foot what is bound to be, with God's grace, a most important spiritual enterprise, one that cannot fail to bring upon the Church in this country many needed graces from Him Who came to save all.

**THE FIELD AFAR** is the organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society and is published from the Seminary.

THE POST-OFFICE ADDRESS IS OSSINING, NEW YORK.

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVVM OMNIA  
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Volume Eleven  
Number Five

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Twelve Issues Yearly

## THE FIELD AFAR

Founded in 1907. Published on the  
fifteenth day of each month by the  
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

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faithful converts.

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of  
the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.  
Checks and other payments may be  
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.  
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent  
upon application.

*The blessings of Mary-month  
to our readers!*

+

WHY don't you add more pages  
to THE FIELD AFAR?" we  
are asked.

Well, there are several reasons,  
but perhaps this will satisfy:  
*The longer the spoke the bigger  
the tire.*

+

FROM the will of the late Miss  
Adèle Le Brun, of New York  
City, we have received five hundred  
dollars. This bequest was  
the more welcome as it was un-  
expected, and came from one  
whose life was devoted to a  
special work,—the establishment  
in New York City of the Helpers  
of the Holy Souls.

+

THE notable gifts recorded in  
the Maryknoll chronicle since  
our last issue are, besides the leg-  
acy of Miss Le Brun, an addition  
of \$900 to the Bishop Doran  
Burse; \$200 from a priest in Illi-  
nois; \$250 for the Vénard Blessed  
Sacrament Burse; and two annuities  
of \$1,000 each, one from a  
priest in Massachusetts, the other  
through a priest in Wisconsin.

+

ONLY a few years ago the an-  
nouncement that \$25,000 had  
been gathered for foreign missions  
in one year in a single diocese al-  
most frightened some good people  
with weak hearts. That \$25,000  
was the fruit of a five-years' cam-  
paign.

Since then the missionary spirit  
has been getting deeper into the

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hearts of American Catholics.  
Recent evidence of this may be  
found in the first annual report  
made by the Rev. John F. Glavin,  
Diocesan Director of the Propa-  
gation of the Faith in Albany,  
who announces for the past year  
gatherings of \$34,047.35.

+

BACK of *Our Sunday Visitor*,—  
that unpretentious four-page  
paper which has made Huntington,  
Indiana, a household word and  
has accomplished in a few years  
incalculable good,—is a spirit of  
real Catholic charity which is be-  
ginning to spread in ever-widen-  
ing circles. The latest achieve-  
ment of its spirited editor was to  
project and carry to a successful  
issue a self-denial offering of  
\$50,000 which is destined for  
home and foreign missions. The  
amount is large, but of greater  
importance still is the impetus to  
the missionary spirit that is so  
steadily rising in this country.

+

WITH Japan on friendly terms  
with our country it is hard to  
realize that its government would  
countenance anything that looks

T H I S P A P E R I S T E N Y E A R S O L D .

like the beginning of religious persecution.

We learn, however, on excellent authority, that a school in the diocese of Nagasaki has been the subject of more than a simple annoyance. This school is attended by children who are the direct descendants of the ancient Christians. The children on a recent occasion refused to bow their heads before the Shintoist temple,—an act that is looked upon as one of religious worship. This refusal aroused anger in certain quarters, and petty persecution followed.

If the Japanese government is responsible for such treatment of conscientious Catholics it is not to be trusted by any nations that are actuated by Christian principles. It is good to learn, however, that this attack on liberty of conscience is due, perhaps, rather to a political party than to the government itself. Let us hope that such is really the case.

\* \*

FROM Fr. Manna, author of *The Workers Are Few* and editor of *Le Missione Cattoliche* (a weekly paper published in Milan), we have received a letter that especially pleases us. After saying some "nice things"—how fond we poor mortals are of such!—about this American Foreign Mission Seminary, Fr. Manna writes that it is he who has started the new work in Italy, the *Missionary Union of the Clergy*. This work was inaugurated with a special letter of encouragement from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, written at the request of the Holy Father himself.

We quote from Fr. Manna's letter:

This work responds to a vital need. If we can interest the clergy of Italy in our work, the problem of spreading the Faith so far as Italian mission enterprise is concerned will be solved. The work as outlined will be independent of any particular missionary society. Get some prayers for its success!

We venture the opinion that if this Missionary Union of the Italian Clergy succeeds the results

will not be confined to the foreign missions. They will be seen in Italy itself and in the work for Italian emigrants in this country and elsewhere.

\* \*

TO us the most promising sign of Ireland's future is the rising—or should we not better say the resurrecting?—of her missionary spirit.

No country has done better for its exiles than Catholic Ireland has done for hers, but her record for the evangelization of heathen peoples is hardly commendable, although to a large extent excusable.

In recent years, however, there has been in Ireland a decided awakening to the mission needs of the Church, and the response promises to be generous. The latest development—and a very important one—is the projected *Maynooth Mission to China*, and it gives us special pleasure to reproduce for our readers the following account, submitted to us by the Rev. J. J. Conway of Maynooth College:

#### THE IRISH (MAYNOOTH) MISSION TO CHINA.

Some months ago it was our privilege in Ireland to witness an event in which all Catholics, and especially all Irish Catholics, may well take pride,—the establishing of the Maynooth Mission to China. In this project one recognizes the straining of noble Irish hearts towards the realization of that Kingdom which is not of this world and of which Irishmen have ever been the greatest defenders.

We here in Ireland who watched the birth of the movement were at first struck with the audacity of that clear bugle call, ringing throughout the land for Catholic Ireland to rise as a Catholic nation and save China. Soon afterwards the reasonableness of it shone in upon us. Day by day it became clearer that there was something deeper than mere men's thoughts, that verily the hand of God was there; and to-day, we have the deepest confidence that the pioneer priests, who leaped at the first challenge to the work, will carry the whole scheme through.

The conversion of the world, the gathering of all peoples, has been the

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**AN AMERICAN MISSION-ARY IN ALASKA**  
(Fr. Judge, S.J.)  
Price 50 cts. Postage 10 cts. extra.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR  
Ossining New York

vision of prophet, the song of psalmist, the consuming desire of Christ, the labor of apostles, the ideal of the Church's greatest saints. In our own day, when the vastness of China and of its accessibility was made known to us, many an eye with the clear far-visioned view of Christ has cast sorrowful looks on that unreaped harvest and prayed for reapers.

Realize, if you can, that if the whole human race were to pass by, every fourth person would be Chinese. Do we value these souls as Jesus valued them? Is it not true as a boatman on the Yantze river has said: "It seems to me that if a man has something which he thinks is the best and the most important thing in the world—as a Christian surely does—then he is not much of a man unless he tries to share that something with everybody else."

The missionary idea has taken hold of Ireland again. Like a breeze from some heavenly hills, whose beginning can scarcely be detected, a new spirit has stolen over the lovers of the *Great Missionary*. It has fanned into life the majestic conception of a great national outpouring of Irish missionaries to China. Instead of its being a vague ideal, the fad of a few, the work has gone deep down to the very vitals of the people. The vivid realization of the work has burned smallness and sordidness away.

The conversion of China will require a vast army of missionaries until such time as the Chinese Church will be self-supporting. To prepare and maintain that force will demand sacrifice,—the giving up of sons and daughters, the giving out of money. In Ireland, as I write, the pioneer priests are going throughout the country to raise funds to prepare the missionaries. The response which is being made to their appeal is marvelous. But Ireland to-day cannot be expected to give that amount of money which would make the mission worthy of Irishmen. Hence she sends a call for

help across the seas to all her sons, to all her daughters.

She would say to them: "I have what money cannot give,—sons and daughters with far-visioned eyes, with world-wide sympathy, with brave hearts, with burning love,—all eager to fling themselves as missionaries into China. I want means to prepare and to support them. I ask you, my richer children, to provide the means. My call is the call of Christ Himself. You will obey it."

It is the very soul of Ireland, with its great faith and its great discipline in suffering and in sacrifice, which is incarnate in this mission to China. In 1840 the Protestant Mission Society resolved to send a mission to China as soon as men and means should be available. Within 3 months a friend, who wished to be known only as "less than the least," gave £6,000 as the beginning of a China fund. Later, the missionaries came. In Catholic Ireland the missionaries have come first. Surely they will not have long to wait for the gifts from friends like unto that self-styled "less than the least."

*Subscriptions and inquiries should be addressed to Rev. J. Blowick, Maynooth College, Ireland.*

From several sources we have learned that the *Maynooth Mission* is giving signs of a successful career. It has won to the cause a group of active young Irish priests; it has gathered already a considerable sum of money (some \$30,000 we are told); and it has aroused much enthusiasm.

It is good to know that the new movement will work in harmony with *St. Joseph's Young Priests' Society of Dublin*, and will, in fact, present an attractive outlet for the students prepared by that Society, which has already been instrumental in sending several Irish boys to the "real" foreign missions.

We understand that the Bishops of Ireland have given cordial approval to the *Maynooth Mission*, and have recently united in requesting from Rome the power to organize it.

\* \* \*

If you are already a subscriber and feel that these pages are helping you to realize more fully the mission of the Church and the sacrifices of present-day apostles, extend this influence to others—at least to one.



S A I N T   B O N I F A C E .  
(An inspiration to many a missioner.)

### The Priestly Word.

FROM priest-friends we quote these lines of brotherly encouragement:

I enjoy reading *THE FIELD AFAR* very much, and when I get through with my copy I put it in my church rack for others to enjoy. (Manchester, N. H.)

Your gloom-chaser I consider the best Catholic paper of the day. (Trenton, N. J.)

Thank you, Father. We hope some day to send it to you twice a month.

Your little "Fieldy" seems to be so accustomed to being devoured immediately on its arrival that it grew impatient at the delay. It enticed a little mouse to take a bite; and the little beast "bit"—and chewed off a corner, and that "from cover to cover!" (Komatke, Ariz.)

The Precious Blood is the Divine Gulf Stream, the warmth of which must reach all hearts and warm them with the breath of heaven. We priests especially, who have the privilege of the Chalice, ought to help swell this tide of mercy encircling the globe, and

to hasten its advent to pagan shores, by an occasional offering towards the Precious Blood Bourse. (Indiana.)

Your "Life of Blessed Theophane Véard" must have been inspired by God. It is one of the most interesting and compelling books I have read in years. No one can possibly find it dull. All will wish to pass it on to their neighbors, as I shall do to at least fifty of mine. (Illinois.)

The few stamps enclosed will buy a piece of board for a bird to roost upon.

I like to see birds roost near a house. I understand that you keep them down your way, having near you a great many jail birds that are tenderly cared for and fed and housed. Some of them, I am told, have never raised a wing, but would gladly raise Cain or checks or subscriptions.

P. S.—It will be useless to raise my check. (Odessa, Wash.)

I wish to enter, in at least a small way, into the apostolic work which you are carrying on. I am sending you the Mass intentions which my people, poor though they be, give me from time to time for your work. I am also enclosing a like amount as my own offering towards securing for myself the privileges and blessings of a Perpetual Membership. Having worked forty-one years to organize Catholic interests here, I feel that, at seventy, I should help some to advance the work of missions to all nations. (Ohio.)

WHEN the story of Maryknoll's beginnings shall be told, some priests of the Boston diocese will get their share of merited praise. It is not too much to say that this young work was kept alive during the first trying year at Hawthorne by the thoughtful generosity of these priests. It has not surprised us, therefore, to learn that we have been remembered in the wills of two of them,—Rev. James Keegan, of Woburn, Mass., who left us \$250; and Rev. Patrick H. Billings, of Abington, Mass., who made the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America his residuary legatee.

May the souls of these priestly benefactors rest the more speedily with God because of their consideration for the needs of this, His work!

## In Passing.

A NON-CATHOLIC subscriber writes to one of the Maryknoll students:

"I hope your work will continue to be an inspiration. I never could understand how any one could help being interested in the mission cause. We find in the Protestant churches that the strongest societies are those whose mission zeal is keenest."

Fr. Glavin, editor of *The Evangelist* and Director of Foreign Mission work in the diocese of Albany, keeps Maryknoll often in mind and graciously encourages his readers to be also our readers. This spirit speaks for itself and bespeaks our gratitude.

Have you read the story of *Bernadette of Lourdes*? This account of a very attractive life is affirmed to be the most authentic of all which have appeared and we are pleased to say that it has been brought out by "one of ours," whose name the angels know.

Brother Dutton, the lepers' friend at Molokai, sent to Maryknoll a Christmas card that reached here Easter Sunday,—a little late, but welcome just the same.

Brother Dutton, who has seen in THE FIELD AFAR an allusion to some extraordinary individual who could cut his own hair, remarks that he himself has been doing this for years. We believe you, Brother, now that we recall your photograph.

Some of our readers have noted the special interest of Maryknoll in the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception at Outremont, Montreal. These nuns sent out to Canton, China, a few years ago their first representatives. News came recently of the death of Mother St. Augustine, one of those pioneers. On the fifteenth of April four more left for the Pacific Coast and the Orient. Among those who remain in Mon-

treal is a Chinese nun, who is engaged daily in teaching children of her own race in that city.

Have you heard that Fr. McQuaide, a well known pastor in San Francisco, received some weeks ago, at the hands of the Mayor of his city, a Silver Jubilee gift of \$8,514? It was the contribution of many friends and Fr. McQuaide was grateful, but he did not wish to keep the money. He has therefore announced his intention of using it for foreign missions,—a work the value of which Fr. McQuaide, as a traveler in the Orient, has for many years realized.

Here is an act of charity worth recording as fine evidence of the kind of Catholics who patronize Maryknoll. A certain family was anticipating the marriage of a daughter. The question of a "big" wedding was discussed, and the bride-elect decided that the "big" portion (\$5,000) should go into a Maryknoll Burse and that the wedding should be a small one. Small then it will be, but God is never outdone in generosity and on that marriage it is safe to predict unusual blessings, for the realization of which we here and now ask a prayer from our readers.

The passing announcement of a *Chi Rho Ring* seems to have caught the attention of many. From the sale of this ring, as it has been prepared for us by the jeweller, we are not making money directly. We do not wish to do so. The ring seems to us a little expensive but it is well-executed and the design is simple, strong, and attractive. We handle it because some of our friends expressed the desire to wear a ring with the Maryknoll emblem, and because such a piece of jewelry excites curiosity, provokes questions, and wins friends for the Cause. Even a ring may be in God's designs an instrument for the spread of His kingdom.

## The Pin! The Pin!

The Maryknoll pin,—that little golden Chi Rho (key-ro)—is beginning to dazzle the country.

One will be yours for the asking. So don't be afraid to ask,—whenever you send a dollar, whether it be for a subscription, new or renewed, or for a mite-box offering, or for a land-gift.

*Remember!* You are welcome to one of our pins and we shall be glad to send it. This offer will continue throughout 1917.

*In these days a nation can no more let another nation live in degradation than can a man let his neighbor around the corner so live. We must cleanse the degradation before the heathen comes to our shores. Then he will come and be grateful.* (William Howard Taft.)

No book mentioned in our columns has had so wide a sale as the little volume entitled *Short Catechism of Church History*, by Monsignor Oechtering of Fort Wayne, Ind. Maryknoll, with other mission organizations, benefits by the sale of this book.

The author writes in a recent letter:

We sold last year nearly ten thousand copies in the United States alone. The sale is continually increasing. Though my royalty is only three cents a copy (the sale price being twenty cents) I received about three hundred dollars this year. This does not include the sales in Canada, Scotland, or British India.

Every cent goes to the missions. I receive scores of letters from missionary bishops, priests, and sisters, and their appeals are heart-rending. Hence I strain every nerve to raise funds to send some help. Most of this money comes from my own parish of four hundred families. God grant that the missionary spirit, which is growing, may reach all.

## A Word to the Wise.

If you would be certain that your bequest will reach us at all, or if you wish to have it operative immediately after your death, you will do well to consider the annuity idea.

## Field-Afaritis.

It is invaluable in my home, and I hope to be a lifelong subscriber.

We enjoy THE FIELD AFAR and could hardly keep house without it. (Westfield, Mass.)

The enclosed is to renew my subscription. Never mind a receipt, just take your hand from the last page of my copy of THE FIELD AFAR. (Clinton, Mass.)

Please let me tell you how much I enjoy THE FIELD AFAR. It opens up such a perfectly new world to one living in Protestant and very New England surroundings!

I should feel badly if I couldn't have that cheerful paper to read every month. We take several Catholic papers but I never have time to read through any of them except THE FIELD AFAR, and I always take the time to do that.

In view of the High Cost of Living we have been economizing on several luxuries of late, including THE FIELD AFAR. We find, however, that this must be called a necessity rather than a luxury, so please reinstate my name on your mailing list.

THE FIELD AFAR has just arrived, and I have interrupted my reading of it to send you these two dollars. I can hardly wait each month until it arrives, and when it does it is devoured "from cover to cover" and then the outside covers are "eaten up" to finish. (Orange, N. J.)

I would say the most enthusiastic things about THE FIELD AFAR, but I'm afraid you might rush me into print! It would be safe to bet a lumber-yard to a tooth-pick that you have thousands of the too-full-for-utterance kind of subscribers, aiders, and abettors. There would be no risk, either, in betting your bottom dollar that the eyes of these thousands are upon you, and their prayers for you!

Having heard many times of the wonderful work carried on by your Society, mainly through the aid of your little messenger, THE FIELD AFAR, I decided that I would try to promote its interests. I am sending you two subscriptions now and I expect to secure several others later. The Maryknoll pin which I received from you has certainly excited intense interest among my fellow-students and it is for this reason that I hope to gather more subscriptions in the near future. (A Seminarian, Pa.)

## The Field

OVERSEAS mails brought recently, through stress of wind and wave and submarines, messages as follows:

*AFRICA*—Letters, Bishop Biermans, Uganda; Fr. Bouma, Alwor.

*BURMA*—Letters, Fr. Allard, Rangoon.

*CHINA*—Letters, Fr. Buch, Ning-po; Fr. Xuyen, Penang; Fr. Ouang, Chekiang; Srs. of Charity, Wenchow; Sr. Xavier, Chusan. Letter and promise of three Masses, Fr. Durand, Poshing; letter and promise of Mass, Fr. Ar-coud, Chefoo. Letters and stamps, Bishop Faveau, Chekiang; Fr. Robert, Hongkong.

*HAWAII*—Letter, Brother Robert, Honolulu.

*INDIA*—Letters, Archbishop Morel, Pondicherry; Fr. Pereira, Mangalore; Fr. Hennessy, Hashnabad; Fr. Merkes, Madras; Fr. Monteiro, Loutulim. Letter and promise of Mass, Fr. M. Joseph, Tanjore; Fr. Payapilly, Alwaye.

*JAPAN*—Letters, Fr. Roussel, Tokyo; Fr. Spenner, Tokyo; Fr. Sauret, Kuru-me. Letters and stamps, Bishop Berlioz, Sendai; Bishop Combaz, Nagasaki.

*KOREA*—Letters and stamps, Bishop Demange, Taikou; Bishop Mutel, Seoul. Letter and stamps, Fr. Fer-rand, Fusan.

*OCEANIA*—Letter, Fr. Vidal, Fiji Islands.

*PHILIPPINE ISLANDS*—Letters, Bishop Foley, Jaro; Fr. Faniel, Las Pinas.

*DUTCH WEST INDIES*—Letter and photo, Bishop Vuylsteke, Curaçao.

Less than fifty cents a week covering a period of two years will make you one of our Perpetual Associates.

## A FILIPINO MEMORY.

There is little ceremony about the Mandatum at Vigan,—it's all reality. The Cathedral has a dozen pilgrim outfits for the occasion,—gown, headgear, and staff. On Holy Thursday twelve real beggars are clad in this outfit and brought into the church for the ceremony of washing the feet. Wash their feet previously? No, the bishop must do that. It would not be the real thing otherwise.

Such is the custom, but I must confess the first time I complied with it the kiss cost me some effort. Indeed, an act of humility on the part of the bishop is apparently intended, for when I wished these old men to be photographed last Holy Week they insisted on taking a bath first. (Bishop Hurth.)

## CHINA, AND THE CHINESE.

It seems as if the best results in missionary work are sometimes obtained under the most unfavorable conditions. We have before us a letter from a Lazarist Father, which tells of conversions increasing in number from day to day, of whole villages burning their idols and seeking instruction in the Christian faith, and of universal good-will and esteem shown to the Church. And then follows this description of the missionary's dwelling and chapel:



THE PRIVILEGED BEGGARS OF VIGAN.

I have one room at my disposal, a little, low room, damp and unhealthy, possessing neither floor nor ceiling and opening on a street that is as dirty as it is noisy. This is my office, dining-room, bed-room, and storehouse for everything from Mass wine to kerosene.

The chapel is an old Chinese house from which the partitions have been torn down. The light comes in only through the door and some pieces of glass placed in the roof. Often the rain pours through and in big storms the place becomes a swamp. But the saddest thing is that this "chapel" serves as a thoroughfare for both men and beasts and that I am therefore unable to reserve the Blessed Sacrament. What a privation for a missioner!

"Good for the catechists!" That is what you will feel like saying when you read this letter from Fr. Arcaud and realize the marvelous results accomplished by these native workers:

In 1900 there were 1,720 Christians in the district of Wenchow; now the number is 14,500. This wonderful progress is due to the catechists—and to the catechists only, for there has been no increase in the ranks of our missioners.

The catechists are educated men, zealous and well disciplined. The immense field of labor is divided among them, and after their annual retreat they set out bravely to the rescue of souls. Gradually they win the confidence of their fellow-countrymen and out of the mass of pagans bring hundreds to ask about the Christian doctrine. They then prepare them to receive the Sacraments and are their guides in the many dangers that surround them.

The majority of our catechists are converts to the Faith. Five were Taoist priests, one a fervent Buddhist monk, and eight preachers of the various sects. The others were taken because they expressed a great wish to help in the work of saving souls.

That these apostolic laborers succeed in their undertaking is especially manifest this year, for 2,000 catechumens are now under instruction. Our great aim at present is to be able to keep our little army until more missioners can be sent to Wenchow.

The heathens have no apple pie,  
Nor ever hope to have one.  
For rice they sigh, for rice they cry,  
And eat it with an onion.—A. Non.

Thomas Ping Ko Tang.



THOMAS PING KO TANG.  
(A student at Dubuque College.)

HE is a student at Dubuque College, this *Thomas Ping Ko Tang*, and he reached there through an interesting chain of circumstances.

More than a year ago THE FIELD AFAR suggested to Catholic Colleges in the United States that each should educate one of our



THOMAS TANG'S BROTHER.  
(A Jesuit Scholastic in the Isle of Jersey.)

Chinese co-religionists, free of any charge for tuition and board. The idea—and it was that of an educated Chinaman—was to strengthen the influence of the Catholic Chinese lay-body in the new Republic of the Orient.

For a week following this announcement we were busy with the mail but we saw no evidence that the suggestion had been heeded, although marked copies had gone to every Catholic College in the country.

Just as we were smiling over the failure of our second attack, a letter came from no less a personage than Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, generously offering board and tuition to two Chinese laymen and even expressing a willingness to help one over the seas if necessary. This letter made us feel as if a new era were beginning, and we wrote at once to two very enterprising priests in Tientsin, China, who publish that famous Chinese Catholic daily paper, — — — (Well, never mind the name. You would forget it any way, as we have done).

The celebrated daily then advertised for prospective students, properly ambitious, and the notice was answered by two youths studying at the Christian Brothers' School in Hong-kong.

After several exchanges of letters these two young men were accepted. At the last moment one dropped out, because of foot trouble or for some other reason not yet explained; but the other, *Thomas Ping Ko Tang*, willingly paid his passage across the Pacific and his railroad fare to Dubuque, arriving at the College last fall as unruffled as if he were sipping tea in a Pekinese garden.

Thomas is now "Tom," and one of the most popular students at Dubuque College. This says much, because Dubuque College, although not yet as large as its older brother in St. Paul, has some five hundred students, all well set-up according to the latest military standards.

*Tom* comes from the province of Kwangtung, from somewhere near Canton. He is twenty-two years old. His people—father, mother, sister, and two brothers—are members of an old Catholic family, that for several generations has lived in a village entirely Catholic. *Tom*'s father is a merchant. He has a grand-uncle a priest, still living. Of his two brothers, one is a Jesuit scholastic in the Island of Jersey, and the other is following an Arts course at the Hong-kong University.

"Some *Tom*" you say. Well yes! He went to St. Joseph's School in Macao, and St. Joseph's in Hong-

kong, and has fine recommendations from the Christian Brothers.

He is now in the Freshman Class at Dubuque, and likes his surroundings very much, although he misses his rice.

This coming summer *Tom* is expected to visit the Vénard and Maryknoll, in company with a large hearted Western priest, and all at both places will be glad to see *tous les deux*—which means, *all of the two of them*.

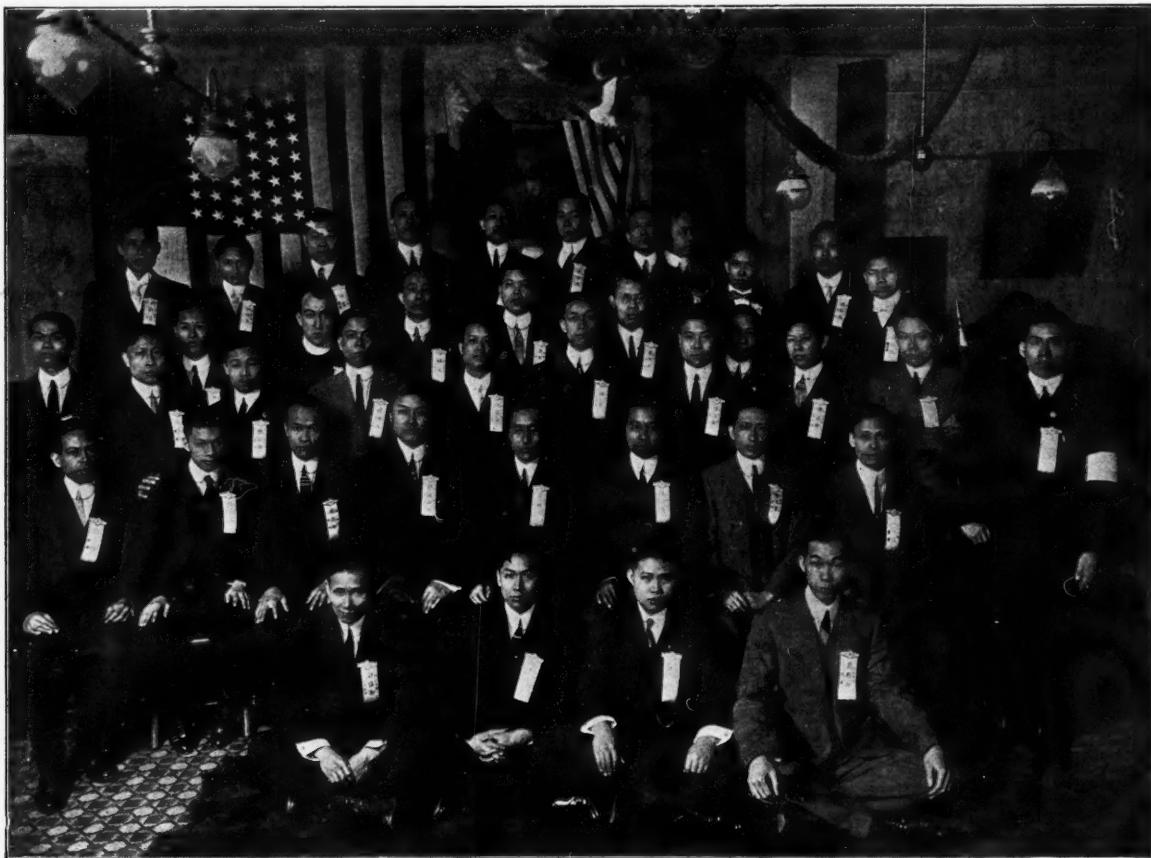
And now that we have said so much about *Tom Tang*, may we suggest to you, dear reader, that

#### WITH CHRIST IN CHINA.

By Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, Ph.D., Rector of the Sacred Heart Church, San Francisco.

Price - - - - - One Dollar  
(On sale at Maryknoll.)

if you happen to have any influence with Catholic College Presidents and Treasurers, it might be well to drop a hint or throw a brick at the psychological moment. There are more *Tom-Tangs* in China, and they are "worth while."



SOME OF NEW YORK'S CATECHUMENS WITH THEIR TEACHERS.  
HAVE BECOME ITS FRIENDS.

## Taro.

(A Story of the Borneo Missions.)



ELL the child we cannot take him. There are difficulties enough now, without walking wide-eyed into a thing of this kind."

"But the little fellow insists, Father, that he must stay, and I haven't the heart to deny him. One like Taro is not often so persistent. Perhaps our refusal to accept him will keep others away."

"Well, you may be right, but I do not like the idea. Let him come for two weeks as a day-scholar, mind you, and then report to me. You must be responsible for him. I cannot. The slightest misdemeanor on Taro's part will give me sufficient grounds for dismissing him once and for all from the school."

Stephen, the catechist of the mission, smiled gratefully at Fr. Leo and went back to his little petitioner.

Left alone, the priest knelt for a moment in prayer, begging our Immaculate Mother to preserve his flock from harm. He felt that with the advent of Taro a serpent was creeping into the fold. A little later he passed out of the poor room which served as oratory, refectory, reception room, and infirmary, into the coolness of the late afternoon.

It was a delicious hour. Soft breezes laden with dew from the neighboring waters were bringing relief to this Borneo town, which had lain all day parched and listless beneath the heat of a tropical sun. The village itself was alive again. Happy laughter, the chattering of children at play, and the call of birds filled the air.

But Fr. Leo seemed unconscious of it all, and the children stared blankly at him as he strode through the compound without so much as patting the curly head of baby James, who had gotten in his

way as used for a touch of the loved hand and a toss into the air. Straight on walked the priest till he came to the centre of the village—an open space lined with shed-like structures which housed practically all its inhabitants, as is the custom in Borneo.

One house, however, stood out in sharp contrast to its crude neighbors. Low like them, it looked lower still with its ornate, dwarfing, Japanese roof. A flower-bordered path led to the elaborate entrance. One might easily have taken it for a temple to some heathen god.

Fr. Leo stopped before it and stared at it grimly. He hated it with all the passion of his fine soul, for it was truly an abode of Satan, the most serious drawback to his apostolic labors. It was a nest of sin and vice, the haunt of every evil soul in the surrounding country. Even as he stood there, the door opened and out slouched two well-known habitués of the place—well-built, sturdy young men, whose souls the priest had striven in every way to gain. They drew back when they saw him—the constant protest against their sinful lives—but only for a moment, and then passed on.

And this was the house in which Taro—the First Born—had seen the light of day eight years before—this the atmosphere in which he had been raised.

It was Taro's father who owned and conducted this place and had grown rich on his ill-gotten gains. He had come, as a young boy, on a Japanese trader, settled in this lovely corner of the world and, step by step, arrived at his present station.

Could anything good come from such a source? Yet, he, Fr. Leo, director of the mission, had yielded weakly to the pleadings of his native catechist, and admitted the little Japanese boy to his school for a fortnight.

"My Jesus, mercy!" whispered the priest as he turned away.

He had come this far to make himself realize the serious error he had made, and to strengthen his resolution that Taro should not remain at the school.

Two weeks passed by and Stephen came to make his report.

Taro, whom the villagers lovingly called "the gentle one," had proven eminently satisfactory. He was studious, obedient, lovable, eager to learn about Christ, and a great favorite with the others.

Poor Fr. Leo was perplexed. It was not what he had expected, and, relieved as he was to learn that no damage had been done, he could not yet but feel that Taro was a wolf in sheep's clothing, come to devour his lambs.

An eight-year old boy with a perfect record for two weeks! Angels do not grow in Borneo—and the missioner, knowing that the devil's ways are sometimes stranger than Our Lord's, concluded that Stephen had not been as diligent as was necessary, and he himself had better do the watching—since there was no cause for refusing to allow Taro to go on at the mission.

So the boy stayed and the priest watched. The days lengthened into weeks, the weeks into months and Fr. Leo had found him without spot and growing daily dearer to his heart. But in all that time, he apparently paid no attention to Taro. No commendation for lessons well learned, no smile of approval for victories won in the games, no word of thanks for the exquisite flowers gathered in dangerous swamps and left quietly in the oratory, no tender "God bless you, little one," for the loving offices rendered to others, gladdened the heart of Taro. He was happy to be there and apparently desired nothing more.

It was the priest who suffered. He loved children—the worst of them seemed to be his pets—and he yearned to give this child his share of a great affection, but felt that

the time had not come. It was hard to get entirely away from the devil idea.

Then one evening, at the close of school as Fr. Leo was reading his breviary in the garden, he heard the patter of little feet, and then a warm, soft hand was slipped into his—and the next moment he was looking into Taro's tearful brown eyes.

"Father, why do you not like Taro? Taro loves you. He wants to be one of your boys and live here all the time. Taro does not like to live at home."

The missioner dropped the little hand, steeled his heart and said sternly: "Why don't you want to live at home? Don't you see we are very poor here and your father is very rich? He does not like us. We do not like him. I could not afford to keep you. I have not enough for those who are here."

"But," pleaded Taro earnestly, "I do not like my home. There are always things that hurt me—my heart aches when I am there. I am never happy unless I am out with the birds and flowers. My father is kind. He loves me. The house is not good for me. Here I am always happy. I wish to stay."

Fr. Leo understood now how Stephen had felt.

As he questioned this pagan child who had known nothing of Christian virtue, he found in him horror of sin, a sickening disgust of the surroundings in which his entire life had been spent. Evidently Taro was one of those souls preserved by the prayers of truly Catholic hearts throughout the world for those who sit in darkness.

He drew the child gently to him, blessed him, and sent him home with the instruction to bring his father with him on the morrow and he would see what could be done. The father's consent would have to be secured.

Accordingly, very early the next day Taro came with his parent.

The ceremonious greeting over, the priest bade Taro make his own request. He did this simply and then, to Fr. Leo's surprise and delight, asked permission also to be instructed in catechism and to be baptized.

The man hesitated. Religions made no difference to him so long as they did not interfere with his own mode of living. But he loved his son. Finally he asked, "Will Taro belong to you or to me if I let him go?"

"Mine while he is at school,



"And Taro at last became one of Fr. Leo's boys."

yours when he is at home. But once he becomes a Christian he must do at all times as I say."

Apparently satisfied, the father made arrangements and departed, and Taro at last became one of Fr. Leo's own boys.

There were about fifty boys in the mission school—a big family for Fr. Leo to maintain—but he assured himself on each new arrival that God would provide. And his faith had not been vain.

The happiness of the little Japanese boy was unbounded. His sweet ways, his fun-loving nature,

his piety and zeal in his work and studies, soon became the model for all, and the result of his sweet influence was seen on every side.

Most remarkable of all was his devotion to Our Lady, and every moment that could be snatched from play or work found him kneeling before her shrine.

Then came a sad day. The time set for baptism was fast approaching and excitement was in the air, when Taro's father loomed up like a cloud on the horizon. He had decided to take a long inland trip and his son was to accompany him.

There was no denying the order. Taro must go—and without the ardently longed-for sacrament. Fr. Leo feared they might never return—and he deemed it wiser for the boy to desire baptism, than to receive it and perhaps later be weaned from the Faith.

So Taro left them and the mission heard nothing of him for almost a year.

The shouts of joy which welcomed his return spoke volumes for the little comrades who had sorely missed him, and Fr. Leo's thankfulness was deep when on close questioning he found his boy as spotless as when he left. Surely God had some special work for this child to do.

But little Taro himself was not so happy. His father was to return to Japan on the next steamer—due at the port within three weeks. Again he begged for baptism and again Fr. Leo refused on the same grounds. He knew the priests in that section of Japan for which the family was bound and he promised Taro letters which would speedily secure for him the coveted prize.

So the boy had to be content. He played cheerfully with his friends—and he prayed much at Our Lady's shrine.

Within a week of the departure, Fr. Leo was awakened in the dead of night by Taro's father. His son had been suddenly taken ill and was calling for the priest.

Fr. Leo found the little fellow suffering with pain and burning with fever. And he had been well early in the evening!

Soothed by the priest's voice and ministrations, Taro asked at once for the "saving water." Fr. Leo smiled at him, told him he would soon be better, and that baptism would be the reward of his long journey home to Japan.

"I am not going away. I am not going to get better. Baptize me." And then Taro fell asleep and Fr. Leo stole out of the house.

Hardly was he home, than he was called again. Taro was awake and perfectly conscious.

Immediately he begged for baptism and then for Holy Communion. He declared he had not long to live, and the missioner felt then that the boy knew things beyond his power, and he left the little sufferer, promising to return early in the morning.

But the summons came before the dawn. Taking the Host, Fr. Leo made his way quickly to the dying boy, baptized him, heard, as he afterwards said, the confession of an angel, and sent him on to God and Our Lady.

Thus died little Taro. The children of the mission who had always felt his holiness, were sure he was a saint with Jesus. They wept for their own loss, but they would not pray for him. They began at once to say, "Little Taro, pray for us."

They built with their own hands a tomb of rough rocks on a little hillock—and laid him away with every honor. And from that day to this the place where Taro lies has been never without flowers, and seldom without a petitioner.

Should we ask Fr. Leo if the prayers are answered, he would say: "Taro's father is a Christian, his evil house has disappeared, and conversions are very numerous. We have two priests now, and Sisters to care for the women and girls. Do you need more proof?"

### Maryknolling Again.



DID we ever speak of Abe? He is our engineer, electrician, and general utility man. There is nothing that Abe cannot turn his hand to except a musical instrument which is intact—and that same instrument in Abe's hands would soon be in pieces.

Abe loves the song of machinery, the buzz of a saw, and the gentle hum of a live wire. Time never hangs heavy on his hands, which are always in motion,—and besides, Abe is one of those people who have no sense of time.

In his ante-marriage days, when Abe lived miles away in "Joysey," and had to pass through "little old New York" to answer a summons to Maryknoll, he would promise to be with us on Tuesday but would usually arrive on Monday

—of the following week. He does better now, however, because he lives in the village and Mrs. Abe is a good time-keeper.

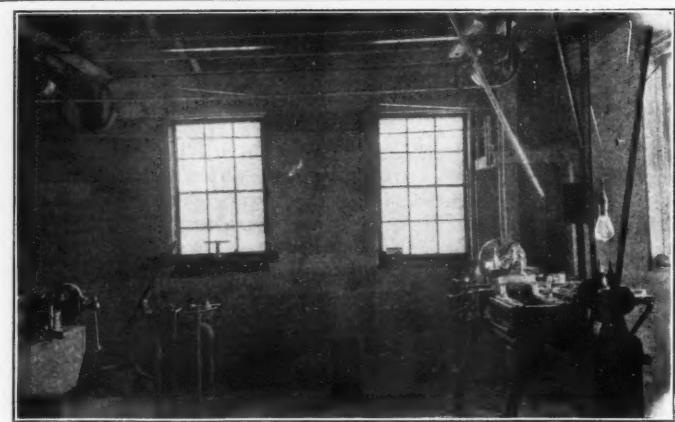
This statement is made in all kindness, and really emphasizes the opinion that our Abe is a genius. We have heard him so called and it must be true.

A few weeks ago Abe failed to land at the right moment in our Treasury Department with Uncle Sammy's mail-bag.

Now this was a serious matter, for the morning mail starts the envelope openers at the Seminary and the line-up of Teresians down at THE FIELD AFAR building. A consultation had just begun when the telephone announced that Abe was on his way, belated for important reasons. There was nothing to do, then, but get busy at something else until Abe arrived, and then—the cat was out of the bag. A little *Abe* had come to town.

The new father was radiant. Exultingly he had pushed his not over-lithe body up Sunset Hill, stimulated by the two-fold thought that the Maryknollers might start the day without their daily bread, and that the news of a great event had not been told.

"Excuse me," he puffed apolo-



THE WORKSHOP AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

getically, as he dropped the heavy mail-pouch on the wooden chair with a crack in its leg, "excuse me, but I couldn't get up here any earlier. I'm a father!"

This announcement was followed by congratulations from the audience. After Abe had been asked if it was "a boy or a child," the discovery was made that a future aspirant to the Seminary rather than to Saint Teresa's had put in an appearance. Since then the boy has been graced by baptism, and dignified with the name of *Joseph Théophane*. His fond parents hope that he will qualify for the American Foreign Mission Seminary, and we hope so, too.

St. Joseph's House is our latest addition to Maryknoll. Perhaps we should refer to it as an expansion, or an evolution. It was a good-sized barn, known and recognized as such by passers-by as well as by flies, rats, cats, and bats.

As we write, a transformation is going on, and we have a pleasant surprise in store for you, dear reader. St. Joseph's will be, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the most attractive frame building on this ranch. It will house the Reverend Director of our Auxiliary-brothers, the brothers themselves, and the surplus stock of budding philosophers and hope-to-be missionaries who are expected here next fall.

The hammers are pounding; the labor chiefs are warning us that carpenters must be better paid than Seminary professors; requisitions for all kinds of materials are dropping on our desk; and the telephone announces hourly that Jake the Plumber, or Electricity Tom, or Standard Heater Jim, is ready to serve us with material, labor, and bills for both. This building business, especially in these war days, is not the best sort of recreation for a beggar, but the Knoll will be windy next winter, and the wind from the north is cold, and if we

force our students to sleep in tents we shall be called beasts,—and we do not like pet names.

This new St. Joseph's causes us some embarrassment, too.

We have encouraged our friends to pay for land at Maryknoll and at the Vénard; we have presented them with opportunities to share in the expense of our new office building; and we have plans ahead for both Maryknoll and the young school at Clark's Green.

But now,—a barn is being remodelled, and how can we convince you who never paid a plumber's bill, you whose landlord is your only persecutor, that such an operation is not only useful but necessary, even if it takes the outside crusts off our daily bread?

We shall not try to convince you. If, however, the following idea appeals to you we advise you strongly to follow it up:

In the new St. Joseph's there will be thirty cubicles (a monastic term for rooms), and any one of these is yours to name if you will send us fifty dollars. This suggestion may appeal to some individual, or to a circle or society.

There will be also a simple chapel, where the Holy Sacrifice

#### Premiums for the Field Afar.

These premiums will be sent gladly, but only when requested.

For every new subscription,

A Maryknoll Pin.

For every renewal (1917),

A Maryknoll Pin.

For 2 new subscriptions:

A colored print of St. Paul Michi (9 in. x 13 in.), or  
One hundred Prayer Prints.

For 3 new subscriptions any one of these books:

Stories from the Field Afar.

Field Afar Tales.

An American Missionary.

A Modern Martyr.

Just de Bretenières.

Théophane Vénard (in French).

With Christ in China.

For 15 new subscriptions:

Statue of Blessed Théophane Vénard.

of the Mass will be offered daily. The cost of the chapel will not be much, and perhaps you would like to make it your gift,—as a memorial, or otherwise.

Candidates for Maryknoll or for the Vénard Apostolic School should make application now for admission in September. Each application should be accompanied by a reference to the student's pastor or to some priest who knows him well.



TRAINING FOR SERVICE—ON THE FARM.

## A Western Flight.

THOSE who have lived at Maryknoll really like the thought of returning. We might, perhaps, except the Treasurer, who, if he happens to be away on the first of the month, faces the homeward journey with a heart more or less light, according to the balance in his check-book—but then, we can't suit everybody.

For the past five years,—our creeping and walking period,—the Maryknollers as a rule kept close to their centre or to the Vénard. During that period Fr. Price made one long sweep through Pennsylvania and New Jersey, raised some dust, and settled down to the hidden life on Sunset Hill. The Superior took occasional flights,—rarely more than a two days' journey,—talking, where the opportunity presented itself, to individual bishops and priests, to the heads of religious communities of men and women, and in seminaries, schools, and colleges. A priest from the far West offered his services as a lecturer, made, with one of our auxiliary-brothers, a visit to the coal regions in Pennsylvania, secured a gratifying number of FIELD AFAR subscriptions, and then flashed out in a short circuit. All this was a dipping process and the best we could do under the circumstances.

Since last fall, however, as we announced in a recent issue of this paper, Maryknoll has been quietly crusading.

In New England, Rhode Island and Connecticut have yielded a goodly harvest of subscriptions and presented fertile soil for the seed that was generously sown. Out in the diocese of Rockford, Illinois, Maryknoll's first-ordained, with the inspiring encouragement of the much-loved bishop and the unexpected good will of his priests, has won many friends to our young work. Nearer home, two of our Reverend Professors became revenue professors also, and found time on Sundays and holidays to tell New York Catho-

lics the story of little Mary Knoll who lives up on the high hill near Sing-Sing and who thinks she can convert the world,—or at least a portion of it.

While New England, New York, and Illinois were under bombardment, Fr. Price made a circle to the north and swooped down on Montreal, where he spoke at the Seminary and elsewhere. The Auxiliary-brother who accompanied him wrote back to Maryknoll that he had "never met so many Catholics in one city who knew nothing of Maryknoll or of THE FIELD AFAR." If the same brother could be let loose in that town for about two months, we venture to say that the next man from Maryknoll to visit Montreal would have to ask for police protection. (This sentence squints somewhat we fear, but it should be kindly interpreted.)

With all these flying machines in motion, the Superior of Maryknoll took the notion into his head to do a little long jumping. He started from Ossining one Tuesday evening for New York, took the night train for Scranton and spent Wednesday at Clark's Green in the company of the Reverend Directors, an architect, a plumber, a contractor, and a few other refined thieves of time and other commodities. That night he left for Buffalo, where the Chancellor, Dr. Walsh, kept him dry on a rainy day, and prepared a trip for him to Niagara Falls.

The day was snowy and blustery and the Falls were not inviting, but there was a welcome at Niagara University, his real objective, where the Lazarists or Vincentian Fathers conduct their excellent College and Seminary. These men belong to a missionary society which has often expressed its interest in Maryknoll.

From Buffalo the Superior made Cleveland for a between-trains visit, Chicago for a change of direction, and St. Paul. At St. Paul and Minneapolis he fell into the hands of too many friends for



THIS is a reproduction of our new stamp, without the color effects. Send for some of these stamps. They will cost you one cent apiece or ten cents a dozen. They are made to seal your letters, and in using them you will benefit our work directly and indirectly.

a three-days' stay, and left the then-frozen north with a recollection of kindness warm and generous, which radiated from St. Paul's great Archbishop through his Seminary and out into the Twin Cities. The missionary spirit made St. Paul, and now in return that diocese is building up for future generations a similar spirit. A Seminary professor, the Rev. James A. Byrnes, is directing this mission movement. In this city also the Superior found friends in the Marist Fathers, whose zeal for the foreign missions is well known in the Eastern States.

A day's run brought the Maryknoll head to Dubuque, where he spent a busy day in an atmosphere Catholic in the full sense of the word. Here he found that one of the Archbishop's particular desires is to encourage the spirit of foreign missions. The task of a field afar propagandist was, therefore, an easy one. At Dubuque College is a boy from China, who reached the college through the medium of THE FIELD AFAR, backed by the generosity of Archbishop Keane. Of this boy a word will be said elsewhere in this issue.

Perhaps you have heard of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, the home of a well-known community of Dominican nuns who conduct there an excellent school for young ladies and girls. After an hour's address to the sisters and novices

the Maryknoll Superior caught a night train for Des Moines, whose Bishop is claimed as an uncle by all of our students. Another night's run brought the traveler to St. Louis, where he remained two days, and which he left with the strong feeling that he would like to try it again and perhaps build a camp there so as to be near good friends. He was privileged to bask for some hours in the genial presence of the popular Archbishop; he was spoiled by kindness at the Seminary; and he found many friends, new and old, through the courtesy of Fr. Donovan, C.M., who is arousing the mission spirit in and around St. Louis by his work for the Sodality of St. Peter Claver, which is devoted to the special needs of Africa.

The next night, spent under the guard of a black prince, brought the wanderer through Cincinnati to Columbus, Ohio, where he met Bishop Hartley, one of Maryknoll's benefactors, and had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with the Pontifical College, the Josephinum. After a day's run he reached Pittsburgh, a city in which any Maryknoller will feel at home when he recalls that every year from its diocesan office a gift is sent large enough to keep the two families at Maryknoll and the Vénard—a hundred strong—going for two weeks and perhaps longer. Washington, reached after a night trip, seemed very near to Ossining, a point which was reached that evening, the fourteenth day away from the base, after seven night runs.

The trip was somewhat rushed, but it was well worth while and proved to be a heartening experience. The Middle West is full of possibilities for the mission cause, and the East, generous though it is, should not be surprised if it finds the Western youth wider-visioned and quicker to respond to a far-off call than its own sons and daughters. The future will tell.



WHERE THE VENARD BOYS ROMP IN THE SPRINGTIME.  
(A view east from the future building site.)

#### Our Budding Venard.

WEEKS have fled since Lent was over but the Vénard professors are almost inclined to wish that the penitential season were still on.

Fish makes brains, they say, and last Lent verified this principle. There were unwonted scintillations of intellect in those days, and the professors were happy. The procurator, too, rejoiced, because meat bills were low. Perhaps in future years all days will be fish days, with rice to make up the needed variety. Then we shall have brains galore and few bills. But seriously, if we may go back in memory, to this past Lent, we wish to say that our first Holy week at the Vénard was a very precious one.

It was the first time in the history of the School that the sacred ceremonies were carried out in their fulness. Of course we had to begin modestly. Our reader's stand and the Tenebrae and Easter candlesticks originated in our own workshop. The singing, though simple, reflected credit on the community as a whole. For many of the boys the ceremonies were new; a few of the others had the bad grace to tell us they had never seen them carried out in such a way before. Be that as it may, we are certain that those beautiful days did not fail to leave their impress upon the plastic minds of our young apostles. We feel sure they have taught their hearts to beat in closer sympathy

with the great heart of Mother Church; to descend with her to the depths of sorrow and contrition, and on Easter morn to rise with her to a keener and truer perception of Christian joy. No one who heard the deep pleading tones of the "Jerusalem" on the one hand, and the clear and enthusiastic strains of the "Regina Cœli" on the other, would doubt this for a minute.

It was on a Wednesday morning just after manual labor, when boyish hearts were busy laying plans for the celebration of the weekly holiday. Suddenly our canny farm-bell rang out its uncanny peals. Fire! On the instant all working and plan-making ceased. Every man to his post! Quick as a flash the chargé of the pump had his hand on the switch, grave with the sense of his responsibility and importance. Here rushed ladders and axes and fire-extinguishers to the tune of human feet. There ran a pale-faced youth, white not with fear, but with the fluffy lather that suffused his fair face and which a stern regard for duty did not give him time to remove. He was the only one really ready for a close shave. Clang! Clang! Clang! Three bells! The farther barn! A moment only and all were on the scene, even the fire chief himself! A pair of horses hitched to a wagon-load of hay were snatched as from destruction. Next a heroic rescuer appeared, dragging to

safety a fainting figure. But the strangest part of the whole affair was that there were no flames—perhaps not strange after all in these days of fireless cookers, smokeless powders, and noiseless fire-arms. It was the Vénard's first fire-drill. About ten minutes after, when all was over, the sacristan arrived with his fire-extinguisher, asking nonchalantly for the fire. Good that all are not as he, who apparently did not worry since his own domain was safe.

However, a real fire here would be no joke. Unless we should succeed in checking it at its very start, we should be at a loss to help ourselves. None of the buildings are fire-proof and we are located on the crest of a hill where the wind whistles merry tunes at frequent intervals. A chemical auto would be a valuable acquisition just at present, but with our usual modesty we would gladly accept any similar apparatus requiring human motive force.

"The wise man begins with the end" says the proverb. We always did believe in a kind of preparedness, a looking ahead, even previous to war times. When our boys strike the missions they will have to be prepared to support themselves as St. Paul did, by the sweat of their brows and the muscles of their arms. That is one reason why we have manual labor every day. Just at present, when the pay is running hard and even the rugged stone fences cannot keep the trees from "leaving," our procurator is forming plans for a competitive course in gardening. Each individual is to have his little plot of ground, which he may sow with lettuce, radishes, turnips, or any other fruit he fancies. Probably potatoes and onions will be great favorites. Eyeing the whole thing prophetically we rather anticipate a little friction between the tyro-gardeners and those who have charge of the hens. We also

wager that sparrows and cats will soon be at a premium. And may we not be pardoned for harboring the suspicion that when our little crops mature and we are anxious to have them appear at table, the reverend procurator will smile complacently up his sleeve and congratulate himself on the success his innocent ruse has met with?

On April the fourteenth some ladies of Wilkesbarre gave a Matinee Muscale for the benefit of the Vénard School. A large and enthusiastic gathering was on hand, and was addressed on the aims and purposes of the work by one of the Fathers from the Vénard. A liberal sum for the aid of the School was realized, thanks to the interest of our growing circle of friends.

Miss Nobechi's lectures in and about Scranton stirred up a good deal of interest. Since her departure repeated requests for similar engagements have been received. Miss Nobechi will probably be prepared to meet them this coming June.

**A Maryknoll Pin—the Chi Rho—is yours for the asking if, when sending a new subscription or renewal, you add: "Send me a pin."**

If you are interested in supplying cancelled stamps and tinfoil to the Teresians, and happen to live near any of the cities mentioned below, send for the address of our stamp depot. We have such institutions now in:

Boston,  
Brooklyn,  
New Bedford,  
Philadelphia,  
Scranton.

We need more of the same kind elsewhere. How about your town? Can you give to the Teresians a corner in your cellar to correspond to the one in your heart? They will be "so grateful."

**Keep a Maryknoll Mite-Box in sight. Place it, if you will, near other silent beggars and let it run its chance. The Maryknoll Mite-Box believes in pushing over and making room.**

May we present to you, dear reader, *Brother Junk*, who has been occupying his occasional distractions with certain reflections, the fruit of which may be noted in this shrill scream:

Look around the house, in store-room, attic, cellar, and shed, or in barn, yard, or store, for something you have no use for or can do without. Sell it to a junk dealer or second-hand man, or any one else who has use for it, and send the proceeds,—be they little or much,—to help our work.

If you are generous enough to trouble yourself about this, Our dear Lord will trouble Himself with generosity towards you.

<b>The Field Afar will be sent for one year to <i>any one address</i>:</b>		
10 copies (12 issues)	for \$8.00	
25 "	"	20.00
50 "	"	40.00
100 "	"	80.00

WE ask our readers to remember in prayer the souls of former benefactors, whose names we here record:

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Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society may be secured for one year by the payment of fifty cents. Such membership, with its many spiritual helps, is applicable to the living or the dead. As special certificates are prepared in each case, it should be stated whether the person to be enrolled is living or not.

## The Catch.



HOW THE ROOSTER CAUGHT COLLIE.

**NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.**  
**Living:** Rev. Friend; Mrs. M. E. B.; M. M.; J. J. L.; J. C.; Mrs. E. C.; E. J. McD.; J. M. McC.; B. M. O'B.

**Deceased:** Ellen T. McDonald; Louisa A. Metcalf; Mary E. Metcalf; Francis O. Megargee; C. Gray.

Enclosed you will find check for THE FIELD AFAR for six years. This is a bargain that appeals to any one with a corpuscle of Jewish blood in his veins. The remaining sixty-nine cents is to buy a new hat for Father T—, a former classmate of mine. The one he is wearing now looks pretty seedy.

## RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Books, Rev. Fr., N. Y.; clerical garments, M., N. Y.; magazines, K. J., N. H.; breviaries and stethoscope, J. J. K., Mass.; surplice, E. V. B., Pa.; altar linen, L. B. T., Cal.; collars, E. L., R. I.; camera, A. J. K., Mass.; socks, Mrs. J. S., Mass.; music, Woodstock College, Ind.; book, Gonzaga Memorial, Pa.; candy, M. F. McC., N. Y.; ciborium cover, A. G. G., Mass.; altar linen, "Doves of the Sanctuary," Ky.; lace, E. H. McG., Mass.; altar linen, M. V. C., Mass. Cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc.: J. T., N. Y.; Srs. of Mercy, N. J.; M. E. B., R. I.; Mrs. L., N. Y.; Mrs. T. Mc., N. H.; Anon., West Va.; Woodstock College, Ind.; Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax; A. G. N. Y.; M. B., N. Y.; A. T. McG., Mass.; Y. L. S., N. J.; M. E. D., Mass.; L., N. Y.; J. F., Conn.; M. T. M., R. I.; F. C. L., Mass.; St. Jerome High School, Mass.; Pittsburgh Missionary Aid Society, Pa.; M. C. D., N. J.; Anon., Pa.; M. E. D., Mass.; Anon., Mass.; C. H., N. Y.; Rev. Friend, Ind.

Old coins, jewelry, etc.: M. C. D., N. J.; M. O'C., Mass.; M. A. C., R. I.; M. G., Mass.; T. C., Mass.; E. E., Ind.; R. J. M., Pa.; M. G. W., Pa.; J. A. B., Vt.; J. C., Mass.; A. C., R. I.; W. H. N., Mass.; O'B., Mass.

Maryknoll is getting to be quite a "dumping ground," judging from accounts in THE FIELD AFAR. Anything from a postage stamp to a piano seems to be welcome; so I am going to contribute this fountain pen. (A priest.)

## RECEIVED AT THE VENARD.

Pillow cases, Dorcas Club, Pa.; old gold, G. B. K., N. Y.; grocery supplies, dishes, clock, electric irons, Mrs. E. M. C., Pa.; mandolin, E. C., Pa.; books, Mrs. M. H. H., Pa.; tinfoil, H. M., Pa.

The only Catholic on one of the Bahama Islands—and she is a convert—wishes that she could increase the circulation of our paper; and she is trying to fill Maryknoll landslips by saving her pennies.

## FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS.
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Louisiana	3.00	
Maine	67.25	14
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Michigan	6.00	1
Minnesota	41.00	8
Missouri	34.00	24
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New Jersey	50.90	24
New York	1,644.77	741
North Dakota	2.00	1
Ohio	109.50	3
Oklahoma	4.00	2
Pennsylvania	525.74	68
Rhode Island	1,088.23	458
South Dakota	9.50	
South Carolina	.75	
Texas	5.00	4
Vermont		1
Washington	1.65	1
West Virginia	11.00	6
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Total of New Subscribers 2,901

## COMPLETED BURSES.

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## SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund	\$6,000.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund	4,400.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	720.60
Bread Fund.....	303.47
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund	85.00

"I want each of my children to have a slice of that Vénard land," writes the father of five, "so here's for W—, E—, A—, F—, and J—."

We shall look for W—, E—, or J— at the Vénard later, and the Teresians will claim A—, or F—.

## MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.  
 Sold up to May 1, 1917, 2,620,498 " " "  
 For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,829,502 " " "  
 SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

## VENARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.  
 Sold up to May 1, 1917, 992,744 " " "  
 For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 4,069,270 " " "

A dollar does not seem to be much when one has to get one hundred and fifty dollars a day to keep the sheriff off the premises, but that same dollar may be the fruit of many sacrifices. Here is a letter from a working-girl in Hartford who writes well enough to join THE FIELD AFAR force:

Twenty girls in the office where I am employed contributed five cents each to make up this dollar. We then chose two fortunate ones to receive THE FIELD AFAR.

I know you will not be greatly benefited by this small amount, but I do feel that I have succeeded in making some new friends for Maryknoll.

### Three C's: The Circle, the College, the Child.

PITTSBURGH is steadily developing an interest in Maryknoll and each month records a list of gifts received through Fr. Danner, Chancellor of the diocese and Director of its Mission Aid Society. One of the most generous of these contributions was that of \$25, which came from the Maria Mission Circle No. 17.

The Vénard Centre Circle of Scranton, Pa., submits the following:

We are sending check for the money on hand after deducting all expenses incurred during the recent trip of Miss Nobechi. We hope you will be as pleased with the results as the committee are. Kindly publish the amounts received from each town in the next issue of THE FIELD AFAR.

Carbondale .....	\$20.00
Scranton .....	60.61
Wilkesbarre .....	18.70
	<hr/>
Expenses .....	\$99.31
	<hr/>
Balance .....	\$78.91

If Trinity College, at Washington, can witness the continuance of such a spirit as the following letter indicates, some considerable blessings are in store for that already much-favored Catholic women's school.

These lines are taken from a private letter sent to one of our New York benefactors by a student at Trinity College:

I do not believe I have told you about our "Wekanduit Bureau." What you have told me about Maryknoll and the foreign missions has interested me so that I have become one of the pioneer members of a new society here, namely, *The Trinity Foreign Missions Society*.

This is the third week of our existence, so we are only in our infancy, but, like all infants, we are managing to attract attention. Our aim is to help the foreign missions, and to get others interested in them. To accomplish this we have organized a bureau and have put out a sign which reads as follows:

*We will wash your dishes after your spread at 7 cents a dozen, including silver; we will shine your shoes—black, tan, or white,—at 6 cents a pair;*

*we will lengthen or shorten your skirts at 25 cents; we will shampoo your hair at 35 cents, etc., etc.*

*We will do it at the Wekanduit Bureau.*

The members of the Society,—fifteen in number,—volunteer their services, and all the money received is kept for the missions.

You ought to see our shoe-blacking parlor. About ten of us are seated on the floor, surrounded by many pairs of shoes. Many hands make light work and light hearts, too. We have so much fun over those shoes that you would surely think it an excellent indoor sport.

The first week the Bureau made about nine dollars. This far exceeded our hopes, because the girls here are called upon to contribute to so many enterprises. We are really only organizing this year, but next year we hope to accomplish a great deal.

### MARIA MISSION CIRCLES.

The Maria Mission Circles have a slogan which we hope the members and their friends in great numbers will adopt: *A dollar for the missions to every dollar for pleasure.*

This slogan has vast possibilities. In the everyday life of the average person a considerable sum could be saved in the course of a year by keeping a mite box at hand to receive, on the occasion of every trip to theatre, movies, or parks, an amount equal to the cost of the amusement. Among our more wealthy people the slogan might levy its toll upon dainty hats and gowns of fabulous price, purchased to satisfy a passing whim; upon yachting excursions and automobile parties; upon visits to summer and winter resorts, taken in the round of fashion or to relieve ennui.

Does our slogan seem too exacting? Let us answer the question by another: *Do we mean to save the missions?*

The Pittsburgh Circles have outlined for themselves a regular course of reading, which they will gladly extend to all Maria Circles. This schedule is drawn up with a view to giving a comprehensive knowledge of mission fields and mission work. It includes, also, books of devotion designed to educate the mind and train the heart, so that the work which zeal undertakes may be conducted with right intention and good sense. The practice of having individual members give reviews of books at Circle meetings is also being introduced. This leads to careful reading and intelligent discussion of mission topics.

A NOTRE DAME nun, who has sent us a very substantial gift made up of sacrifice-offerings from her pupils, writes:

Two weeks ago I assigned to my class the subject "Gather up the Fragments" and told the children to develop it, each according to her own ideas. I was so pleased to find one girl who turned her thoughts to the foreign missions, that I send the attempt to you just as it was written.

The "attempt" is very promising and we have selected from it these lines:

Swift as the lightning from troubled sky,  
As the eagle downward swoops,  
To the Master's call comes a glad reply,  
And a band of valiant troops;  
Soldiers of Christ in the bloom of life,  
Untouched by the frost of age,  
Journeying on to a dreadful strife,  
Braving a monster's rage.

Onward they go, that blessed throng,  
To a far and distant land,  
But their hearts ring loud with a joyous  
song,

As they leave their native strand;  
To parched and burning lips they bring  
The limpid waters of youth;  
They carry to heathen, slave and king,  
The words of eternal truth.

From the cheerless night of tropic  
shades,

From the desert's blinding sand,  
From mists where mortal courage fades  
They rescue the exiled band.  
O Lord, let them hear that far-off strain  
Of sadness and despair,  
And find midst the chaff the wholesome  
grain,

The fragments here and there.

—Agnes M. Gutzwiler.

### Routers! Routers!

Carry some copies of THE FIELD AFAR to your friends—and be a Maryknoll Router.

Here is what you should do:

1. For each copy you will pay six cents.
2. Sell each copy for ten cents.
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6. You must ask for this pin when you write.
7. As soon as possible after the delivery of your papers send your returns in postage stamps (any denomination) at our expense.
8. If you have any papers left tell us how many, and Fr. Ignatius will instruct you what to do with them.



*This realistic and prophetic picture has been inspired by justifiable fears of the fate which awaits your young apostles when you shall let them loose upon the soil of Asia. Quartered for the Faith they will be,—but by over-eager Christians rather than by cruel infidels.*  
(Fr. J. Mourlanne, Burma.)

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